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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

"THE HILL-FLOWERS"

"I will lift up mine eyes to the hills."

I

*Moving through the dew, moving through the dew,
Ere I waken in the city — Life, thy dawn makes all
things new!
And up a fir-clad glen, far from all the haunts of men,
Up a glen among the mountains, oh my feet are wings
again!*

Moving through the dew, moving through the dew,
O mountains of my boyhood, I come again to you,
By the little path I know, with the sea far below,
And above, the great cloud-galleons with their sails
of rose and snow;

As of old, when all was young, and the earth a song
unsung
And the heather through the crimson dawn its Eden
incense flung
From the mountain-heights of joy, for a careless-hearted
boy,
And the lavrocks rose like fountain sprays of bliss
that ne'er could cloy,

From their little beds of bloom, from the golden gorse
and broom,

"The Hill-Flowers"

With a song to God the Giver, o'er that waste of
wild perfume;
Blowing from height to height, in a glory of great light,
While the cottage-clustered valleys held the lilac last of
night,

So, when dawn is in the skies, in a dream, a dream, I rise,
And I follow my lost boyhood to the heights of Paradise.
Life, thy dawn makes all things new! Hills of Youth, I
come to you,
Moving through the dew, moving through the dew.

II

Moving through the dew, moving through the dew,
Floats a brother's face to meet me! Is it you? Is it you?
For the night I leave behind keeps these dazzled eyes
still, blind!
But oh, the little hill-flowers, their scent is wise and kind;

And I shall not lose the way from the darkness to the
day,
While dust can cling as their scent clings to memory
for aye;
And the least link in the chain can recall the whole again,
And heaven at last resume its far-flung harvests, grain by
grain.

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To the hill-flowers clings my dust, and tho' eyeless Death
may thrust
All else into the darkness, in their heaven I put my trust;
And a dawn shall bid me climb to the little spread of
thyme
Where first I heard the ripple of the fountain-heads
of rhyme.

And a fir-wood that I know, from dawn to sunset-glow,
Shall whisper to a lonely sea, that swings far, far below.
Death, thy dawn makes all things new. Hills of Youth,
I come to you,
Moving through the dew, moving through the dew.
Alfred Noyes